MANAGED BOOM OF "UNCLE JOE"

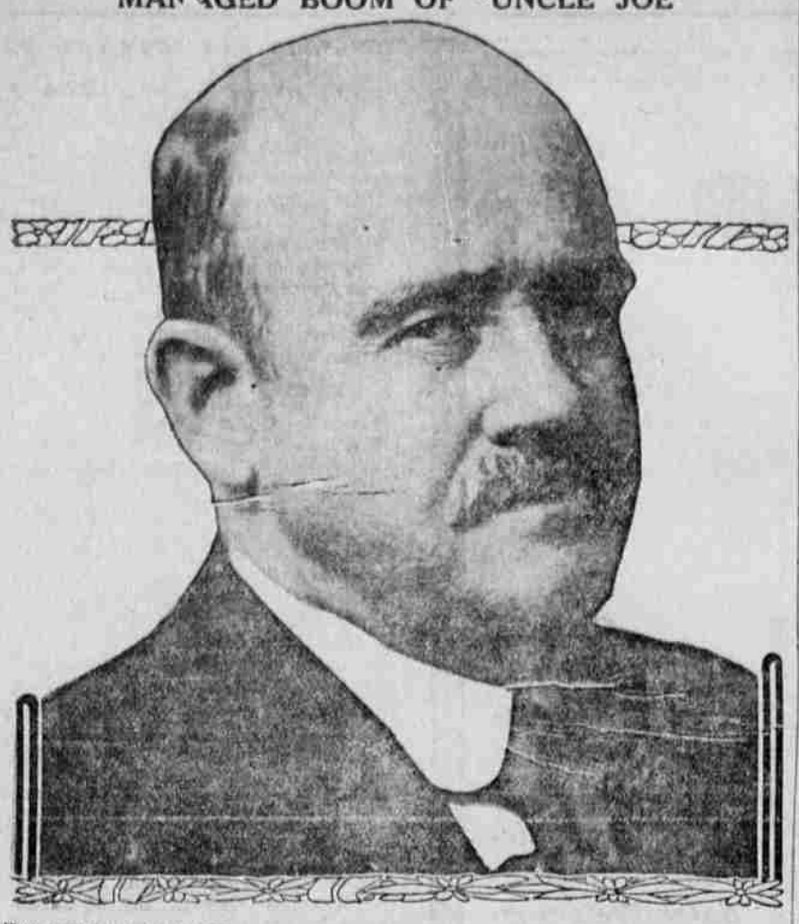


Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

Congressman William B. McKinley of Illinois was the manager of Speaker Cannon's campaign for the Republican nomination for the presidency. Mr. McKinley is president of several Illinois traction companies and is regarded as one of the richest men in congress. He makes his home at Champaign.

PRESIDENTS OF PAST.

MOST OF THEM HAVE DIED COMPARATIVELY POOR.

Cleveland the Latest Instance—Few Have Left Families in More Than Comfortable Circumstances.

New York.—They say that Grover Cleveland died a comparatively poor man, like most of our presidents. When congress meets a law will be passed giving a pension of $5,000 a year to Mrs. Cleveland. This annuity is always bestowed upon widows of presidents. Mrs. Garfield is the only living beneficiary at present.

Cleveland was a poor man when he became president the first time. He made some money through real estate investments in the neighborhood of Washington. With the savings from his salary he bought Oak View, which he occupied for awhile as a summer home, and other suburban property. Then came a boom in land values, and he sold at considerable profit. His purchases gave fashionable importance to the localities where they were made and this alone made prices run up.

Mr. Taft is notoriously a poor man. He has absolutely nothing more than his salary. But for the aid of his half-brother, Charles O. P., he would have been unable to make the canvass for the nomination.

Mr. Bryan was a poor young lawyer at the time he made his famous speech in Chicago in 1896, which won for him a presidential nomination. Since then he has been making money fast and is now credited with being worth $500,000. From the Commoner and his lectures he is reputed to receive in the neighborhood of $100,000 a year. His candidacies for the presidency have been very profitable for him, probably more so than even an election would be.

Mr. Roosevelt will leave the White House in comparatively easy circumstances and will add to the money he now has by magazine contributions and the writing of books. Just what he is worth is not known, but it is believed to be between $100,000 and $200,000.

William McKinley left an estate worth between $400,000 and $500,000. By careful management under the direction of George B. Cortelyou, its value was materially increased so that Mrs. McKinley was more than well off in worldly goods.

Benjamin Harrison saved money while in the White House, but was not a wealthy man at the time of his death. When elected to the presidency he was worth probably not more than $25,000. He lived simply while in the White House and saved more than $100,000 during his four years' occupancy.

Chester A. Arthur was worth $200,000 when he died, that amount being divided between his son and daughter; but it is probable that he was worth about as much when he entered the White House. He was the most lavish of our presidents in his expenditures, not hesitating to spend from $2,000 to $5,000 on a single dinner, and it is unlikely that he saved much during his term. His predecessor, Garfield, died poor, but his widow was magnificently provided for by the nation, $300,000 being raised for her, while her pension of $5,000 a year made it a certainty that she should never want.

Hayes, who spent the last years of his life in what he called "delightful retirement," left his family well off.

Grant, during his first term, got only $25,000 a year, but at the beginning of his second term the pay of the president was raised to $50,000, and he had some chance to save a little out of his salary. Nobody seems to know how much he was worth when he left the White House.

Andrew Johnson left a modest fortune invested chiefly in a farm, a mill and a country store in Knoxville and Greenville, Tenn.

Lincoln was a poor man when he joined the majority. Buchanan was well off and Van Buren died rich. In fact, Van Buren was so wealthy that he did not bother to draw his salary while he was in the White House, but allowed it to accumulate, paying all his expenses out of his own private purse, and drew $100,000 in a lump at the end of the four years of his term.

Polk, Fillmore and Pierce were all rich men, and left considerable properties when they died. Andrew Jackson was impoverished during the last years of his life by assuming the debts of his son, Andrew Jackson, Jr. At all events, his fortune was much reduced, though in his will he managed to leave at least one slave to each member of his family, including his infant grandchildren.

John Quincy Adams died a rich man. His will, which is preserved in the records of the District of Columbia, is of great length, and is notable otherwise in more than one respect. It makes no mention whatever of the deity or of a future state—a remarkable omission in those days—and it mentions the name of the testator as John Quincy Adams, doctor of laws. The title conferred by Harvard gave him great pride.

William Henry Harrison, Benjamin's grandfather, left only a moderate estate. He was a man of very simple ways.

James Monroe died poor. He was in debt when he left the White House, and, going to New York to practice his profession of law, he made rather a failure of it financially.

James Madison was pretty well off at the time of his death, but the money he left to Dolly was dissipated by a worthless relative.

Thomas Jefferson, after leaving the White House, lived for 17 years at Monticello, where he tried to be a farmer. The business was not profitable and, partly by reason of the money drain caused by an exuberant and never-failing hospitality, the author of the declaration was reduced in his old age to disagreeable straits. He was relieved to some extent by the purchase of his library, for which congress paid him.

When he died, George Washington was one of the richest men in America, being worth at least $500,000.

HAS THE SMALLEST WATCH.

Measures Less Than Quarter of Inch in Diameter.

Cincinnati. — A Cincinnati man claims to own the smallest watch in the world. It is said to measure less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, having a face about the size of a nail. The numbers on the face are engraved in red, so as to be more easily discernible.

It was an American clockmaker, too, who made what is believed to be the smallest steam engine in the world. It will fit in an ordinary thimble; its weight is about 15 grains, and the stroke of its little piston is not much over one-twelfth of an inch.

Three drops of water will fill the boiler and start the tiny machine. In spite of its diminutive size, the engine is composed of 140 distinct pieces, fastened together by 52 screws.

Italians are adept at minute work. One has made a boat, formed of a single pearl. Beaten gold, studded with diamonds, compose the sail, and its headlight is a ruby. An emerald serves as a rudder. The value of this little craft is said to be at least $5,000.

CUPID'S GIFTS FOR KEEPS.

Court Declares That Lovers Cannot Be Indian Givers.

Altoona, Pa.—According to the interpretation of the law by Judge James Shull of Perry county, specially presiding in Blair county, when a lover gives a present to his sweetheart it is hers for all time.

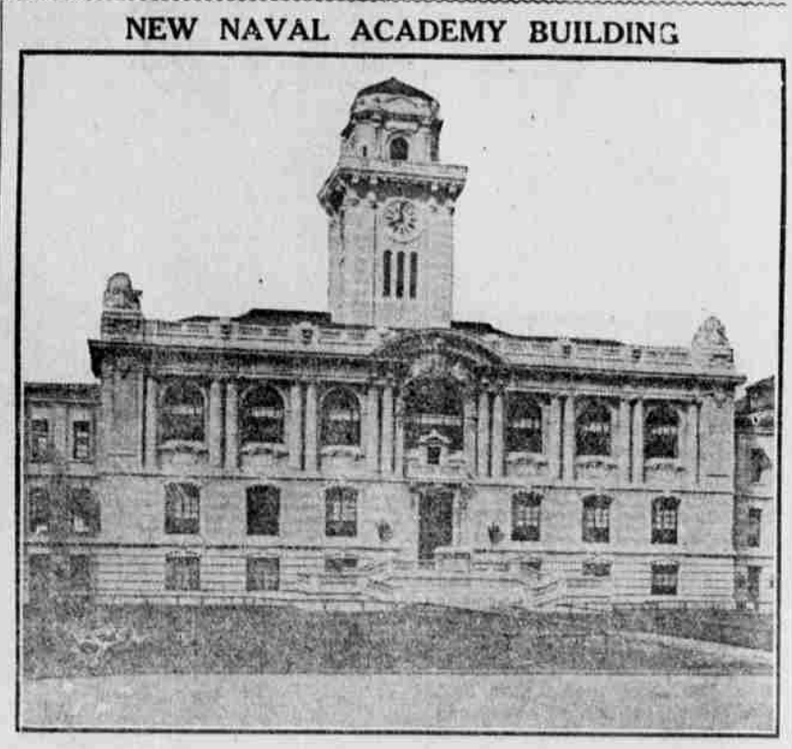
James Polke gave Miss Lucy Deffley of Juniata a set of furs while he was courting her, and the weather was frigid; but later he fell in love with another girl, sent all Miss Deffley's presents back, and demanded the seasonable furs. She told him to come and get them. He came, and she showed him the present, which he appropriated.

The girl says he choked her twice when she tried to get them from him.

Suits for larceny and for assault and battery followed. They were tried the other day.

Judge Shull eliminated the larceny charge and returned the furs, in this hot weather, to Miss Deffley, and the jury divided the costs in the other case.

NEW NAVAL ACADEMY BUILDING



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Main entrance to the new Academic building at the United States Naval academy at Annapolis.

Church Music Held Sensuous.

Bad as the Worst Concert Hall Production, Says Pastor.

St. Louis.—"Half the music played and sung in the churches is sensuous and wakens passion in those who hear it. It does harm and not good."

So says Rev. Charles H. Bohn, rector of the Episcopal Church of Nevada, Mo., and secretary and treasurer of the Missouri State Music Teachers' association, which recently held its annual convention in the Church of the Messiah.

"You take your sweetheart to church expecting a spiritual uplift, but instead your sensuous emotions are kindled by the music you hear. Some of our church music is as bad in its effects as the worst music you could hear in the worst concert hall.

"Comic opera music is sensuous, too. It does positive harm to those who hear it, but not more than much of our church music."

Oscar H. Hawley of Macon, president of the association, declares that grand opera is "rotten" and "silly," and that a professional musician who plays a musical instrument for a living knows as much about music as a toad knows about the higher criticism.

"Grand opera is just a heterogenous mass of howling," he says. "It is neither real, ideal nor poetic. Did you ever know a lover to propose marriage by yowling at his sweetheart? Did you ever know of a couple's making love by bawling at each other? That is what they do in grand opera. I know every opera that was ever written, and of them all Wagner's are the worst."

GATHERED SMILES

A SAD CASE.

Fond Mother—Why, my pet, you should not strike your little brother that way.

Spoiled Child—I will! If he touches my doll again I'll break another chair over his head, so there!

Fond Mother—But, my dear, you know it isn't ladylike for little girls to—

Spoiled Child—You get out! If you say another word I'll—I'll tell the minister what you said about his wife's new dress.

Fond Mother (some years after)—My dear, it seems to me this engagement to Mr. Goodsoul is very sudden.

Spoiled Daughter—There you go! I knew you would. Always coming between me and my happiness. You can yell your old head off if you want to, but I'll marry him all the same.

Fond Mother—But, my dear, it may be that your dispositions—

Spoiled Daughter—Huh! If I can get along with such an unreasonable creature as you, I can get along with any one. Now, just stop your chatter, and see about supper. He'll be here to-night.

Fond Mother (two years afterward, to visitor)—Yes, it is too true, too true.

Visitor—And so your daughter and her husband have really separated?

Fond Mother—Yes, poor stricken child, she came home last night. Oh, that she should ever have married such a brute! She was always so tender, so affectionate, so timid. Poor angel! He must have abused her terribly.—New York Weekly.

POOR FELLOW.

He—I'm saddest when I sing.

She—Well, how do you suppose I feel?

An Unrefined Palate.

"Think," exclaimed the pure food advocate, "of the thousands of people who are deceived with cold storage eggs."

"I can't get up any sympathy for them," answered the epicure. "A man who can be deceived with a cold storage egg deserves to be."—Washington Star.

Plans Gone Awry.

"So you are going to stay home for the summer?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Litewate, "I intended to enjoy myself thoroughly. But after I had purchased tennis clothes, yachting clothes and riding clothes, I found I hadn't enough left to pay railway fare and hotel bills."—Washington Star.

WILLING TO EXTEND SYMPATHY.

"Yes," he said, after explaining to his wife that the lodge meeting had been a very important and a somewhat protracted one, thus making it impossible for him to get home a minute earlier than he did, "and there were two fellows there who made the worst fools of themselves you could imagine. You couldn't find two worse chumps in a row of counties clear across this state."

"I suppose not," she replied. "Who was the other one? I'd like to sympathize with his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Too Loud.

Mother—You should have given an alarm when that bold young Staylate kissed you last night.

Daughter (demurely)—I did give one.

Big Brother—Humph! It must have been a still alarm.—Baltimore American.

The Disuse of the Classics.

"Classical quotations are not as much employed by great orators as they used to be."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's hard enough to get a stenographer who will keep your English grammar straight, without expecting Latin and Greek."—Washington Star.

RONDEAU.

The rumor ran, not long ago,
That he had come to be my beau.
The gossips shook their heads and talked
If on a Sabbath out we walked
And through the parkways ambled slow.

"Propinquity," they said, you know.
I knew that if he heard he'd go.
And though I at the gossips mocked,
The rumor ran.

So now I sit alone, for no
Tobacco smoke I smell below;
No creak of chair when forth he rocked.
The room is bare, the door is locked;
I've lost my rent, my money's low.
The roomer ran!
—Aurelia D. Howells, in Judge.

PUNISHED.

Mrs. Green—Did you ever catch your husband flirting?

Mrs. Brown—Yes; once.

Mrs. Green—What did you do to him?

Mrs. Brown—Married him.—Chicago News.

Cares of the Legitimate.

"What is the most difficult thing about dramatic art?"

"It has many difficulties," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "One of the most perplexing is the necessity of keeping your mind simultaneously on a time table, a date book, a boxoffice statement and the language of the poet whom you may be interpreting."—Washington Star.

Mutual Conveniences.

Farmer Cornstalk—Who are these folks who have just found out that they are cousins and will pay us a summer visit, Maria?

Maria—I guess they're the same folks we discovered were related to us when we wanted somebody to do our city shopping.—Baltimore American.

A DILEMMA.

Friend—You find your work so confusing, do you?

Weather Forecaster—Yes; when my scientific calculations denote fine weather at a time when my corns tell me it is going to rain.—Philadelphia Press.

History.

"You don't seem to care what history may say of you?"

"Yes, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But the judgment of history is not always convincing. History usually compromises by saying a man wasn't as bad as represented by his enemies nor as good as advertised by his friends."—Washington Star.

A Point Worth Considering.

"Would you live with a man who struck you with his fist and knocked you down?"

"I might if he happened to be a man who would keep still when I wanted to talk."—Chicago Record Herald.

REPARTEE.

Miss Younger—I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I am your age?

Miss Elder—You'll be lucky if you do.

MINE OWNER TO WED ACTRESS.

James MacMillan Started Life as a Reporter.

San Francisco.—James Harry MacMillan, newspaper editor, theatrical owner and mining operator, of Nevada, who is reported engaged to Miss Edna Goodrich, the actress, began life at 26 years of age as a newspaper reporter in Ogden, Utah. He went from one western paper to another, until he became city editor of the Anaconda Standard, which at that time was owned by Marcus Daly. Still following his newspaper work, he became interested in mining in the old

Georgetown district, and developed several properties there. Having plenty of ready cash and a fondness for theatricals, he went to Montana, where he operated three theaters, one legitimate and two vaudeville houses.

With still a high regard of the newspaper profession he went to Goldfield, where he published and conducted the Daily Sun, now the Tribune, which was the first daily paper to be published in Goldfield. Seven months later he sold out and returned to mining.

In the Manhattan district he organized and developed the Manhattan Chipmunk property, after which he went back to Goldfield and in partnership secured a lease of the Mohawk Jumbo mine. The production from the lease in five months netted the sum of $1,038,000, with more than $1,000,000 worth of ore in sight.

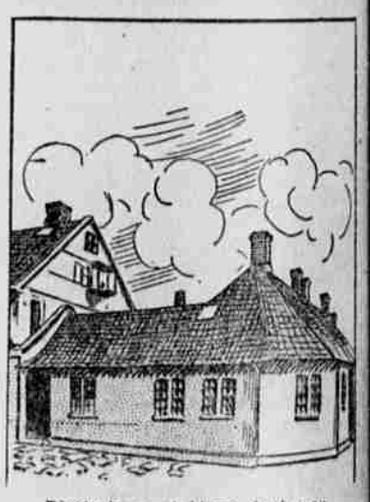
Mr. MacMillan is connected with a large number of mining companies as president and director, and is associated with some of the country's best known multimillionaires. He personally controls some 200 claims in the state of Nevada.

Mr. MacMillan met Miss Goodrich for the first time some months ago, when she was playing an engagement in Goldfield with Nat C. Goodwin's company. Mr. MacMillan was born June 22, 1878, in Nevada.

HOME OF FAIRY TALES.

House Where Hans Andersen Was Born Now a Museum.

London.—The little house at Odense, Denmark, where Hans Andersen was born, has just been acquired by the town, restored, and filled with mementoes of the famous fairy tale writer, making it one of the most interesting of literary shrines. There



Birthplace of Hans Andersen.

are pictures, busts, first editions of the fairy tales, the famous original lead-pencil drawings for the tales by the Danish illustrator Petersen—these, perhaps, the finest things in the museum—and many other interesting relics. One of the busts of Andersen is that made by Joseph Durham, the English sculptor, in one hour. Here, also, are the Andersen's silk hat, umbrella, trunk and traveling bag, his will, and the lasts on which his boots were made, which, says the little guide book to the museum, "do not testify favourably to the beauty of his feet."

Chicago's Five Maiden Aunts.

Chicago is boasting of its "five maiden aunts" and declaring that they have done more toward securing better industrial conditions in that city and in the country at large than any other like number of citizens, men or women, in the world. The "five maiden aunts" are Jane Addams of Hull House; Julia Lathrop, a charity expert; Mary McDowell, of the University Settlement; Margaret Haley, who organized the Teachers' Federation, and Dr. Cornelia De Bey, a practicing physician, who secured the settlement of the great stockyard strike by arbitration. Dr. De Bey has also been prominent in investigating factory violations of the child labor law and is a member of the Chicago board of education.